

THE
MONTHLY
THEATRICAL REPORTER;
OR,
LITERARY MIRROR.

FOR
MARCH, 1815.

By THOMAS DUTTON, &c.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF MISS E. KELLY
Author of the "Pity Pa" &c.

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LITERARY MIRROR.

RECEIVED WITH A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF MISS L. ZILLY

STREET 400

[illegible]

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. BOWEN, AT THE BRITISH
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MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORTER,

&c.

SHORT PROFESSIONAL SKETCH OF MISS LYDIA KELLY, OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Nil desperandum Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro.

This lady, who, as stated in our last, came out at Drury-Lane theatre, on Saturday, January 21., in the character of *Juliet*, is the younger sister of Miss Frances Amelia Kelly, already advantageously known to the public, as a sprightly and improving actress. Her father, Mr. Mark Kelly, bore a commission, and served with honour with the British army, in Spain. She has an uncle likewise in the army, Captain Kelly, of the dragoon guards. By other collateral branches of the family, she may be said to be related to the theatrical profession; being niece to Mr. Michael Kelly, the composer, formerly a performer, and still engaged in the musical direction of Drury-Lane.

In speaking of this lady's recent appearance, we cannot with strict propriety term it a *debut*, Miss Lydia Kelly having on several prior occasions made essay of her youthful abilities before a London audience. In the summer of 1810, she acted the part of *Rosina*, at the Lyceum; and has assisted as a chorus-singer at the Lent Oratorios. She has performed on different provincial, and principally on the Edinburgh stage, where she rose into considerable favour and repute. The want of an adequate representative of juvenile characters, in the serious and tragic walk, so sensibly felt at Drury-Lane, directed the attention of the managers to the expediency of supplying this deficiency. Miss L. Kelly was deemed worthy of the trial,—she was accordingly brought back to the metropolis. Her essay gave satisfaction: she has repeated the part, always with increasing interest and success. A second character, that of *Ophelia*, in *Hamlet*, was entrusted to her hands. In this likewise she succeeded, and

will, we make no doubt, with time, diligence and attention, make good her claim to a distinguished station in the profession. She is under very able guidance and direction, the value of which she cannot too highly appreciate, and which her own good sense will teach her to avail herself of, with befitting thankfulness, with due care, and unremitting assiduity.

VINDICATION OF THE STRANGER.

The representation of the *Stranger*, in which Miss O' Neill sustains the interesting part of *Mrs. Haller*, at Covent-Garden theatre, has furnished occasion to a certain race of crabbed, morose, sourfaced, mawkish moralists, to recommence their lamentations, bewailings, and complaints of the alleged immorality of this drama. The *diatribes* circulated against it, in several of our public journals, are but a revival of the hypocritical cant and bigot zeal, with which the *Stranger* was assailed at his first appearance on a British stage, and of which that celebrated *moral female quack*, Mrs. Hannah Moore, in a great measure set the example. This puritanical *manufacturer of sacred plays*, this *dramatizer of Hezekiah and Nebuchadnezzar*, had joined the Wilbeforcean standard, and was a staunch proselyte-maker to the apostle of *Vital Christianity*. A Right Reverend Divine had felt it his duty to recommend her saintly rhapsodies from the pulpit: Mrs. Hannah Moore could do no less in return, than redouble in zeal, and join might and main, the hue and cry, which announced both *church and state to be in danger*, from the importation of German dramas, German novels, German philosophy, but above all German *illuminatism*. (we purposely retain the elegant phraseology of Mrs. Hannah Moore.) Like a certain *ingenious insect*, which possesses the talent of extracting poison from the same flowers, from which the bee culls ambrosial sweets, she could trace out and discover nothing but the prolific seeds of immorality and vice in a drama which has produced the salutary effect of reclaiming an erring female, and bringing back* a repentant wife to the path of virtue and of duty. The *Stranger*, Mrs. Hannah Moore gravely informs us, is the first drama represented on the English stage, in which an adulteress is held up in any other light, than *to be reprobated*. Such is the cry of all her puritanical disciples and admirers: such the language, such the argument of the hypocritical, and bigot snarlers against this play, in the public prints. Many of these infuriate zealots may very probably never have either read or wit-

* See Kotzebue's Preface to the *Stranger*.

nessed the representation of *Jane Shore*. But most of them, we should imagine, have read their bible. What must be their opinion of the Saviour of mankind, who far from setting them an example of such uncharitableness, pursues a very opposite line of conduct? Christ does not find fault, that no man hath condemned the adulteress, brought before him—but with that meekness, which ought to characterize all his followers, (but of which most unfortunately the most zealous of the vital *Christian tribe* are the most destitute), says, “Neither do I condemn thee; go in peace, and sin no more!”

Well would it be for the interests of true religion, as well as of humanity, if the whole of this bigot, infuriate, intolerant and persecuting tribe would take a lesson from this great example, and endeavour to regulate their conduct by the model of the author of their faith, rather than join the dark phalanx of over-righteous hypocrites, worthy only of the government of a Ferdinand, and for whom suitable appointments might be provided in the *Holy Office* of the Inquisition.

ORATORIOS.

The regular season of these Lent performances commenced, at both theatres, on Friday, February 10. We have already given a report, in our last number, of the leading performers at each house, as likewise of the general managerial arrangements. At Drury-Lane the stage, converted into a temporary orchestra, is fitted up in a very tasteful and elegant style. The transparencies, in imitation of stained glass, produce an excellent effect,—as conveying to the mind the idea of the inside of a gothic cathedral, which adds greatly to the solemnity of the scene. The *Grand Battle Sinfonia*, composed by Beethoven, proves a powerful magnet of attraction. It is descriptive of the triumphant battle of Vittoria, gained over the French by the armies under the command of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. It opens with the march of the British troops and their allies, to the national air of *Rule Britannia*. The French army is then in motion—the military band playing the celebrated air of *Malbrouk*. The battle now engages—the din of arms, the clash of swords, and the firing of the death and slaughter-spreading cannon, are admirably imitated. Gradually the roar and tumult subside—the music then points out the discomfiture and retreat of the French army—to which next succeeds a bold march, to the accompaniment of drums, trumpets, and other warlike instruments.

proclaiming in loud peals of thunder, which rend the sky, the decisive victory gained by the confederate British troops. It concludes with the loyal air of *God save the King*; the *Solos*, by Madame Sessi and Mrs. Dickons; the *Quartetto*, by Messrs. Leonard, Pyne, C. Smith, and Bellamy; and the chorusses, by the whole vocal strength of the house. Two full military bands add greatly to the grandeur of the performance, which breathes throughout a spirit of heroic ardour and patriotic zeal, in perfect unison with the feelings of a British audience. The manuscript of this grand battle piece is dedicated to his royal highness the Prince Regent, who has been pleased to permit Sir George Smart to perform it, at his Drury-Lane Oratorios.

Madame Sessi, from the Opera House, is a valuable acquisition. Her voice is rich, powerful, sonorous, and remarkably distinct. She sings without affectation, and without any apparent laborious effort. With Mrs. Dickons's merits, as a vocal performer, the public are already sufficiently acquainted. The Opera House has furnished another auxiliary, in the person of Monsieur Gra'am. He possesses a bold, clear, powerful, and melodious voice.

At Covent Garden, the attractions, in point of novelty, are not so striking as at the other house. But the able director of the Oratorios, Mr. Ashley, has been very happy in the choice of his performers. Foremost, in the vocal department, stands the name of Mr. Braham. This gentleman, for science, taste and execution, may confidently challenge the first and proudest of the Italian school. Mr. Bartleman likewise, for some nights, contributed the aid of his melodious, full, and powerful voice. Mrs. Salmon and Miss Stephens take the lead, among the female vocal performers. The secession of Mr. Bartleman, who performed at the Covent-Garden Oratorios, for the last time this season, on Friday, February 17., has been supplied by Monsieur Le Vasseur, from the Opera-House.

The band and chorusses are very complete. Mr. Ashley himself leads, and Mr. S. Westley presides at the organ.

THEATRICAL QUERIES.

THE article which appeared, under the above head, in our preceding number, signed *Philathes*, has provoked the following reply. Without entering ourselves into the merits of the question, we insert the communication of our new correspondent. The same regard to

justice and impartiality, which prompts us to admit the objections urged by *Censor*, will ensure a place to the defence of *Philalethes*, should the latter gentleman think proper, to vindicate the assertions he has advanced. Our pages shall ever be open to manly criticism, as long as the respective parties do not lose sight of decorum, and gentlemanly courtesy of manners.—Ed.

◆

To the Editor of the Monthly Theatrical Reporter.

SIR,

IN perusing your theatrical miscellany for this month, (February), my notice was peculiarly attracted by a letter from one of your correspondents, signed "*Philalethes*," entitled, "*Theatrical Queries*"—the which contain some very gross mis-statements, relative to the representation of *Macbeth*, at Drury-Lane.—"Why, in Act III. Scene V. (which by the bye is the 4th) is a magnificent banquet exhibited, where a large company of guests, both ladies and gentlemen, appear seated round a table, set out in the most costly style,—yet not a single person so much as frisks to eat?"

[Now, Mr. Editor, I witnessed the fourth performance of that piece, and must say, that the assertion of your correspondent is erroneous. For if he had given that due attention to the piece, which it so eminently merits, previous to his suggesting those *queries*, he would have perceived, that both ladies and gentlemen eat, (Rome excepted) after the delivery of the following words, by *Macbeth*:

"Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!"

And they drink, after the following toast:

"I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;

Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst.

And all to all"

I have not troubled you on this subject, without first consulting the opinion of several friends, who have witnessed the performance since, and who all agree with me, that your correspondent's assertion is grossly erroneous, and merits the censure with which I treat it.

I also observed—"Why, in the same play, after expressly declaring in Scene V. (otherwise the 4th) of the fifth Act, his determination to die, with *harness on his back*, does *Macbeth* immediately after engage in the combat, in the very identical robe of state, in which he makes his appearance in the banqueting-scene?"

It is impossible for me, Mr. Editor, to say, when your correspondent witnessed the performance of this piece. But I presume it must have been on January 12.—when, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Kean,—Mr. Elliston personated the Caledonian usurper, and your correspondent very probably never having seen Mr. Kean, in character or out of character, and observing by the bills of the theatre, (as appears by his letter,) that the tragedy of *Macbeth* was got up in great splendour, (which it certainly is) and having some stale edition of *Macbeth* at his elbow, has no doubt mistaken Mr. Elliston, for Mr. Kean.

Now, Mr. Editor, I most firmly maintain, that Mr. Kean changes his royal robe, after the 4th scene of the 3d act, to that of a war-like dress. And in the last scene he appears in complete panoply, which was not the case with Mr. Elliston, when he performed the part, and who as I suppose chose rather to disgrace himself with combating in his robe of state, than to be squeezed into the small dress of Mr. Kean.—I can speak more positively to this last circumstance, having witnessed the performance of Mr. Kean, and Mr. Elliston in that character.

With respect to the first *Querie* on the *Forest of Bondy*, (vide last number of the *Theatrical Reporter*) that may be very easily accounted for as follows. *Macbeth's* own guilty conscience still pricking him for the deed, which he is supposed just to have committed, his thoughts are occupied with that alone.—Hence it may (and I have no doubt but the managers of Covent-Garden Theatre intend it so) with propriety be supposed, that, through his hurry and confusion, he has literally forgotten his sword.

Not but what, Mr. Editor, I greatly admire the idea of your Correspondent, in establishing (as he proposes) such monthly theatrical *Queries*, as such criticism will point out those slight defects, which so frequently occur, and if the observations are duly attended to by the managers of our theatres, I have no doubt but they will in no small degree, tend and contribute towards the improvement and perfection of the British Stage.

Being unwilling longer to trespass on your patience,

I remain, &c.

Cavendish Square.

16 Feb. 1815.

Censor.

CAPTAIN O'BRIEN'S NARRATIVE, &c.

THE sufferings and hardships experienced by the British prisoners of war, in France, do not appear to have been adequately appreciated by their countrymen, in happier circumstances at home, who have never known the evils of captivity. The cause of this apparent apathy may perhaps, in a great measure, be owing to the imperfect manner, in which the real situation of our brave fellow-subjects in bondage, has been hitherto represented and made known. The major-part of those, who effected their escape from the enemy, have either never undergone the rigorous treatment, to which the wretched captives in Bitche, Briançon, Embrun, &c. were doomed, — or else, from a want of literary competency, have not possessed the means of giving their sufferings to the public. In the latter predicament stand nearly the whole of the very few, who have succeeded in breaking their fetters, at the above-mentioned depôts of punishment. Those, who form their estimate of the misery endured by a prisoner of war, from the discipline of Verdun, where dissipation, riot, and excess constituted the order of the day; where horse-racing, cock-fighting, *rouge et noir*, with every species of fashionable amusement, gave a more rapid flight to time, and where night was literally turned into day, may well think very lightly of captivity.

But the wretched prisoner, condemned to pass the lingering hours in the gloomy souterrains of Bitche, confounded and amalgamated with the very lowest classes of society; the hapless fugitive arrested in his attempt to escape, and doomed by the late tyrant of France to six years' confinement, * *in irons*; (*aux fers*)—the suf-

* This is not an exaggerated case. Bonaparte actually issued a decree, condemning English deserters to six years' imprisonment, in irons. This harsh decree, it is true, was in the sequel repealed, through a dread of reprisals on the part of the British government. But the commutation of the punishment, incarceration in the ice-bound fort of Briançon, on the Alps, was almost equally terrific. The miserable captive was here locked up day and night, with only two hours allowed him for exercise, in the court of the prison, once every four days!—*Note by the Editor.*

fering victim shut out from the air and light of heaven in the cloud-capt dungeons of Briançon ; or the damp, cold, stone-paved stables of Sedan,—that unfortunate class of captives (with whose situation the writer of the present article is but too well acquainted, by long and personal experience) may truly be said to have drunk deeply of the bitter cup of adversity.

The author of the narrative, to which we now call the attention of our readers, Captain D. H. O'Brien, was at the time of his capture a senior midshipman, or master's mate of his Majesty's late ship the *Hussar* frigate, which was shipwrecked off the French coast, in February 1804. He remained about three years at Verdun, when, in conjunction with several more of his countrymen, he formed the resolution of attempting his emancipation. From a scrupulous regard to honour, Mr. O'Brien and his associates determined not to violate their *parole*, but by absenting themselves from the daily muster, or *appel*, to procure their confinement in the citadel. The Commandant, however, it should seem, was partly made acquainted with their design; for although they not only neglected to appear at muster, but even staid out without the town beyond the limited time, it was several days before they were deprived of their passports. Thus circumstanced, on the 29th of August, 1807, after having consulted the opinion of several of the principal officers of their nation, who all agreed, that they being literally in close confinement, they were no longer restricted by any tie of honour, they scaled the ramparts with the aid of a rope, and endeavoured to make good their way to the sea-coast.

Unfortunately they miscarried in their perilous attempt. After encountering innumerable difficulties, and frequently in danger of perishing from fatigue and want of sustenance, they were arrested, on the *nineteenth* day of their adventurous journey, within sight of the sea-port town of Estaples. From this place they were reconducted to Verdun, and ultimately ordered to the formidable fortress of Bitche.

For this latter depot, Mr. O'Brien, and his associates took their departure. On their arrival at Sarreguemines, an open town seven leagues distant from Bitche, where they were lodged, as usual, in the military prison, they came to an agreement amongst themselves, to make one attempt more for liberty. Mr. O'Brien gives the following account of the manner, in which they executed their plan.

"The next day we expected to arrive at our horrible abode, about four in the afternoon. In the morning our guards came with a large waggon, in which we were placed, and to my great astonishment and delight, we were not chained. I considered this as a most wonderful circumstance. I communicated my intentions to my companions, and after we had got out of the town we descended from our waggon, observing to the guards that we preferred walking a little. Mr. *Essel remained in the waggon. Messrs. Ashworth, Tuthill, and Baker, of the merchant-service, with myself, were walking a-head of the waggon. We had not got more than two or three miles, when I discovered a wood at about 150 yards from the road; our guards were about 50 yards behind us; they were on horseback. Although there were no leaves on the trees, we were certain our guards could not pursue us without a great deal of difficulty, owing to the branches; and if they dismounted, we were well assured we could all out-run them†—The important and anxious moment arrived!—I gave my friends the word, which was a loud cheer, and away we ran—the guard in full speed at our heels. The ground being very heavy, a kind of fallow field, between the road and the wood, Mr. Baker fell down, and was instantly seized. We were more fortunate—crossed each other frequently in the wood, quite out of breath. I called out to them, that they must be very cautious in keeping out of pistol shot of the guards, who were now riding in all directions through the trees, exclaiming—*Arretez coquins!*‡ They quitted me, and I fortunately at that instant having a tree between me and them, I sat down. I observed the guards pursuing my companions. The moment I lost sight of the former, I drew towards the borders of the wood, on the opposite side to the direction which they had taken, and perceived an extensive plain, and a wood, about a mile distant. Without any more deliberation, I entered the plain, and was in a very few minutes in the next wood, without seeing or being seen by any body. Having thus far providentially succeeded, I began to consider what step I had better next take; and after a few minutes rest, being quite exhausted, I determined upon quitting this wood also, but at the op-

* This gentleman, a Lieutenant in the navy, was afterwards killed, in an attempt to escape from Bitche.—*Note, by Editor.*

† These fellows in general have very large heavy boots, and are otherwise badly equipped for running.

‡ Stop villains.

posite extremity from that where I supposed my pursuers were—being of opinion they would visit that part, after they had diligently searched the other, which was now surrounded by the peasantry, men, women, and children, it being Sunday. And 50 *lieves* reward, 2*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* sterling, having been offered for each prisoner of war, brought a prodigious concourse of people, and left me but very little hope of remaining in safety in any place, where they could suspect a man might be concealed. On quitting this wood, I conjectured that I was about three or four miles from the road, whence I had at first escaped. Immense plains, stubble ground, &c. presented themselves to my view, with the river *Sarre* close to the southward of me, but extremely rapid, and no part fordable.”

Mr. O’ Brien passed the remainder of that day in a very uncomfortable manner, as appears from his narrative :

“ I put a night-cap on, which I had carried in my pocket, instead of the cap I usually wore—that being a common dress with the peasantry of *Lorruin*. I passed several at very short distances, stopping frequently and seeming to walk very carelessly. At length, I found myself in a small vale, through which ran two small rivulets, which formed a little kind of island that was covered with a hawthorn-bush, briars, &c, sufficiently large to conceal one man. This I conceived admirably well calculated for a hiding place; as it was so excessively small and wet, I was of opinion nobody would ever think of searching it. I entered it, and was so completely covered, as to be scarcely able to discern the part through which I had first penetrated. I found it in one sense very uncomfortable, with respect to the mud, wet and dirt that I was obliged to wallow in; but, otherwise, it was a perfect paradise to me, and all I regretted was, not having my poor comrades with me.”

Here Mr. O’ Brien waited, till the fall of night, when he set out on his perilous career,

“ The sun was setting, and, to my great mortification, with every appearance of bad weather. It already began to rain very hard, which obscured the moon, about that time eight or nine days old. Reflecting on my present state, I found it truly pitiable—with only the small old map already mentioned to direct my course; without compass or guide, meat, drink, or companion, and in the dreary month of November. The nearest friendly town to me was *Salsburgh* (in Austria), between 7 and 800 miles distant. Never theless, having escaped from the clutches of the tyrants, and being

my own master, more than compensated for a thousand severe hardships. I cut a stick out of the very bush I had lain all day concealed in, and picked a number of haws off it, which I put in my pocket, and swallowed stones and all, occasionally. About half-past seven I ventured out, shook and cleaned my cloathes as well as I could, recommended myself to a merciful Creator; and proceeded, with great precaution, towards the wood, in which I had separated from my companions, supposing that they would return there also, to meet me. It rained very hard, and every thing was profoundly silent. I traversed the wood, about three or four miles in different directions, but to no purpose: now and then I whistled, which was a former signal established amongst us, but all without success. I remained alone—cold, fatigued, and drenched with wet.

“The moon being again entirely hid, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, prevented my knowing to a certainty what course to take. The risk was too great to venture on the high road: I knew this from sad experience, and yet I was so nearly perished with cold and wet, that it was impossible to remain still. I, therefore, kept running and walking onward; during the night, frequently impeded by the course of the *Sarre*, which confused me greatly. At length, being very much fatigued, from the commons, deserts, &c. which I had gone through, and finding a convenient wood, though destitute of leaves, I got into it and concealed myself in a tolerable good part, a little before day-light. I never recollect feeling or suffering so much from cold—it had rained incessantly all that day. I swallowed a few of my haws, and endeavoured to comfort myself by imagining that the ensuing night might be fine, and that I might possibly fall in with my comrades; which would, indeed, have been the greatest consolation.

“On the 16th, I was much annoyed all day by moles, rats, and other small animals, somewhat like squirrels; the rats often approached so near, as to lick my shoes. Their tricks and advances rather amused me, and abated in some measure the lowness and disquietude of my mind. At the close of the evening, a swineherd passed by, conducting his hogs near my hiding place—I saw him very distinctly. One of them took flight exactly towards me; he sent his dog in pursuit of it, which providentially turned the hog; otherwise it would have absolutely ran over me. I need not observe how much I was alarmed, especially as I could not have been far from the place, whence I had escaped.

"About 8 o'clock I quitted my retreat. The night was again very bad; it kept raining and blowing very hard. I was equally at a loss which direction to take, not being able to see either moon or stars. About nine o'clock, I discovered a hut; and imagined that would be a good opportunity to endeavour to procure a morsel of food, of some kind. I reconnoitred it very attentively, and approached most cautiously the door. The struggle between the desire of procuring some sustenance, (which I so much wanted) and the dread of being arrested in the attempt, is easier conceived than described. After deliberating some length of time at the door, agitated alternately with different sensations, without coming to a determination (so powerfully did the fear of being again brought back, operate)—the want of sustenance at length preponderated, and I knocked at the door. It was opened by a woman. I asked for some bread in German, which is the language spoken by the peasantry of *Lorruin*.

"She made signs for me to enter, which I did. There were three men and another woman in the house; an elderly man who was the only person that could speak French, instantly told me, that he was certain that I was one of the Englishmen who had escaped from the guards the preceding day; one of whom had just quitted the house, who had been on the look out all day, and came, in his way home, to give them information. Pleasing intelligence!—I did not dispute who or what I was. He dwelt upon the 50 *livres* reward for arresting a prisoner of war. It was an object, he said, to poor people like them. I understood him perfectly; and observed, that, although his government had promised that reward, he was not certain when it might be paid; besides, what honest man would prevent a poor prisoner of war, who had been guilty of no crime whatever, from revisiting his wife and children, after an imprisonment of four or five years, for that paltry sum? He explained what I said to the others—I found the women were advocates for me. Upon which, I addressed the old gentleman again, and said, "As you appear to me to be very worthy and honest people, accept of this trifle amongst you;" give him a *Louis d'or*, and presenting the women with six *livres*, as a mark of my respect for them; which they received very graciously. I saw that matters now bore a more favourable aspect, and, accordingly, took an opportunity of observing, how sorry I was at not having more to present them with. I now begged they would supply me with a little bread, but they had none baked. I then requested they would shew me the nearest way to *Bitche*, as I had friends.

there who would find means of supplying me with a little cash, to enable me to proceed on my long journey. After a long discussion in German, during which I perfectly discovered their uneasiness at not receiving more than 30 *livres*, the old man observed—"As there is but one of them, it is of no great consequence ; but if they were all here, it would have been worth while." Meaning the other eleven of my companions. I again repeated my wish to be directed towards *Bitche*. I knew there was a direct road from thence to the *Rhine*, which was my motive to go that way. The women again pleaded in my favour, and the two young men offered their services. They accordingly equipped themselves, informed me they were ready, and I took a most joyful leave of the women and old man, and followed my guides, inexpressibly rejoiced at getting out of this danger, although I did not consider myself particularly in safety, whilst I remained with these fellows."

On the fourth day of his march, Mr. O'Brien met with a very narrow escape.

"At night, about the usual time, I commenced my journey, and took the direction back which I had followed the preceding morning ; and I confess, notwithstanding my disappointment, I felt some consolation in knowing I was at length in the right track. During the whole of this night, my escapes from being dashed to pieces, by repeated falls down precipices which the darkness concealed, were quite incredible. About 11, I felt very much harrassed from crossing fields, morasses, &c and happening to hit the right road, I resolved to follow it for some time, especially as I thought it led my way, but could not be certain, as the moon and stars were still obscured. I supposed it was too late for travellers to interrupt me ; However, after quitting a wood on the side of the road, when I had to crawl up a sort of gravel pit to get on it, imagine my astonishment !—I had no sooner stepped on the road than I was challenged, *Qui Vive*, in an audible voice, by a *gend'arme* on horseback. I need not point out how ready I was to quit the highway at that moment ; I shall merely say, that I made but one jump down the gravel pit, and crawled thence back into the wood, without having any idea where I was going, the night being very dark, wet and inclement. The weather was very much against me, and added greatly to a despondency, which fatigue and hunger had increased—I, however, was resolved to struggle against it to the last. I fortunately fell in with a cabbage garden, close to a cottage near the wood,

and eat plentifully. I also stowed a good supply in my pockets for the ensuing day. Afterwards I re-entered the wood, in which I remained all day. At night I recommenced my journey, still embarrassed in consequence of the weather, to know which way to go. This was the most severe night (if possible) I had yet experienced—the roads, pathways, and fields were deep and heavy from the constant rains; rivulets had become dangerous rivers, and I had to wade through several. I had again an opportunity this night of feasting upon cabbage stalks, leaves, and turnips, and filled my pockets also.”

“ Not wishing to remain exposed any longer on the highway, I scrambled up, and reached the summit. There I found an excellent dry cavern under an immense rock. I crept into it, and shortly fell into a profound sleep; in which state I remained, until I awoke from the grunting of hogs that came to banish the unfortunate and forlorn usurper, who had so illegally taken possession of their habitation. I found it quite dusk, and about the time I should recommence my journey. So after looking at these animals, grateful for the benefits I had received in their cave, I descended and got on the *Strasbourg* road, and kept running with little intermission the whole of the night, notwithstanding the excruciating pain I felt from my blistered feet.

“ About midnight, having halted to listen if there were any noise, or footsteps to be heard on the road, I plainly discovered, by the cracking of whips, that a coach or waggon was advancing. I therefore retired a few steps from the road side, and lay close down. It passed, and appeared to be a diligence, or the heavy travelling coach. I then resumed my route; kept running on, and passed several villages, until a little before day-light, conjecturing that I could not be far from the *Rhine*. I secured my lodging in a wood for the ensuing day; and seeing another snug cavern under a rock above me, on the top of an immense precipice, I resolved to endeavour to scale the alarming height; notwithstanding it was still dark, which greatly added to the peril of the attempt. I was obliged to climb on my knees, clinging to the roots of trees, which had they given way, I must have been dashed to pieces: however I at last reached the summit, and after regaling myself with a few cabbage stumps, which I had procured in passing the villages, I fell asleep.

“ My spirits were extremely agitated during the whole of this night. I awoke frequently, talking quite loud and naming the gentlemen

that had been my former companions ; holding conversation with them as if they were actually present. Some time after I had experienced a short and disturbed repose, I started up all of a sudden, and desired my companions to rise and renew their journey : when, on looking round, to my inexpressible amazement, I discovered, that I was actually at the bottom of the precipice, and that it was quite day-light. This precipice was very steep and dangerous, even to a man in the day time, broad awake ; and how I came again to the bottom of it alive, I am utterly unable to explain. I consider it as one of the most providential and extraordinary events, that was ever known—I do not recollect an instance of walking in my sleep prior to this. After collecting my scattered ideas, which was no easy task, I hastened into the wood again, for it rained very heavily.—During this day I crossed several mountains covered with trees, and at length found a very comfortable cave full of nice dry leaves, on the declivity of a hill ; which appeared to be the residence of some animal. From the continued chain of wild and barren mountains, I had very serious apprehensions that the cavern might be the den of some wild beast. I however entered it, and found it spacious enough to sit upright in ; took my coat off, squeezed the water out, and after refreshing a little with my usual fare, I lay down on the earth, covering myself with the leaves and my coat over all, and went to sleep, well sheltered from the wind and rain that beat with great violence against the entrance of the cave.

“ About dusk, I was awakened by the chattering of a jay at the opening of the cave ; but for this I might have slept on, until the ferocious tenant of the cavern returned. The image of this bird is still fresh in my recollection, and will remain so whilst I live. I crawled out, shook myself, and put my coat on.

(To be Continued.)

THE PORT-FOLIO. — NO. I.

EXTREMETS ;

Or, Hints to the Managers of certain Theatres.

THE court of Burgundy, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, appears to have been under the influence of the same taste, with respect to dramatic representations, which characterizes the

theatrical exhibitions of this country, at the present enlightened moment. *Automata*, and artificial animals, moving by mechanical powers, ranked among the favourite performers of that age. At the entertainments given, on occasion of the nuptials of Charles, the Bold, with the English princess Margaret, three *entremets* made their appearance. A great unicorn first entered, with a leopard on his back. In one paw, the leopard held the arms of England, and in his other a daisy, (*marguerite*). Having paraded round all the tables, the unicorn at length stood still, opposite to the duke, and a *maitre d'hotel* took the daisy from the leopard, and presented it with a complimentary speech to the prince. The unicorn was followed by a huge gilded lion, on whose back rode the female dwarf of the princess of Burgundy, superbly dressed as a shepherdess, with the arms of Burgundy. On his entrance into the hall, the lion opened and shut his mouth, as though he had been alive. This representative of brute majesty did more than the living original could have done: he sung a complimentary air to the ducal bride. The lion was succeeded by a dromedary, with a rider in the dress and armor of a Saracen. As he rode round the hall, the Saracen took out of his basket all sorts of foreign birds, which he distributed about him, and even threw upon the table. At supper, on the third day of these nuptial festivals, appeared five *entremets*. Four wild boars blew trumpets, and four goats executed a concert on various instruments; four wolves exhibited a specimen of their skill on the flute, and four asses sung a rondeau, which may be found in Olivier de la Marche. Lastly, four monkies played a mischievous trick to a tradesman, who was asleep, and then exhibited their agility in dancing.

All these *entremets* however were eclipsed by the splendid representations, given at the entertainments of the first day, on which the Bastard of Burgundy opened his tournament, as Knight of the *Golden Tree*. On this occasion two prodigious giants first entered, superbly habited, armed and accoutred. They were followed by a whale, which *Olivier de la Marche* assures us, was the largest ever exhibited, by way of *entremets*. This sea-monster was sixty feet in length, and so high that two knights riding one on either side, upon the tallest horses, could not have seen each other.

The eyes of the whale were formed by two of the largest looking-glasses that could be procured. He moved his fins and his tail, and the rest of his body, as if he had been alive. After he had made the circuit of the hall, the whale opened his enormous jaws, and dis-

gorged two Syrens, and twelve Tritons. The Syrens began to sing, but were soon interrupted by the sound of a drum, which was heard *inside* the whale. When it had ceased, the tritons struck up a dance with the syrens. The tritons soon became jealous of each other, and commenced an obstinate combat; which was terminated by the two giants, who drove back the tritons and syrens into the whale's jaws. It was certainly a most beautiful *entremets*, " (says the historian) " for there were upwards of forty persons concealed in the body " of this marine monster."

INSTANCES OF FEMALE VANITY.

Vain or enthusiastic females, of the sixteenth century, imposed upon their admirers tasks as unreasonable, and dangerous, as ever were known in the ages of chivalry. A lady at the court of Francis I. had heard much concerning the courage of Monsieur de Lorges, who was a suitor for her favour. In order to ascertain, whether report had not perhaps exaggerated his intrepidity, she one day, when Francis I. gave a *combat de lion*, dropped her glove into the arena, in which the savage animals fought, just at the moment when they were most exasperated. She then addressed herself to M. de Lorges, requesting him to recover her glove, if he loved her with such ardour as he pretended. The undaunted hero, without a word in reply, wrapped his left hand in the cap which it was then customary to wear, and holding his drawn sword in his right hand, advanced into the midst of the furious lions, who, as it were, strack with astonishment, made no attempt to prevent him from picking up the lady's glove. De Lorges indignantly handed the glove to the haughty woman, who had so wantonly exposed his life, and from that moment very properly renounced a mistress, whose vanity exacted from her admirer such dangerous proofs of courage and affection.

During the reign of Henry III. of France, a Monsieur de Genlis was put to a trial of a similar nature. In an excursion one day upon the Seine, with his mistress, she purposely threw a valuable handkerchief into the river, and then begged her lover to leap into the water and recover it for her. M. de Genlis excused himself, by alledging that he could not swim. This hesitation produced the reproachful reflection, that he was a cowardly lover. On these words, he instantly leaped into the Seine, and would infallibly have

been drowned, had not a boat that was near at hand hastened to his assistance.

HENRY THE THIRD, OF FRANCE.

The favourite occupation of this king consisted in dressing his own, and the queen's hair, and in starching and plaiting his own ruff, and that of his consort. These employments took up so much of his time, on the day of his coronation, and afterwards on that of his nuptials, that the procession could not repair to the church before six o'clock, and the lateness of the mass caused the *Te Deum* to be omitted. At balls, and other diversions he appeared, habited as an Amazon, in female attire, with his bosom uncovered, and a collar of pearls hanging down upon his chest. He wore besides, like the ladies of his court, a small *toque*, over which he himself frizzed his hair, three bands of fine linen, two of which were plaited into ruffs, and the other inverted. These bands gave rise to the ludicrous remark, that his head resembled that of John the Baptist, presented to king Herod upon a charger.

SPANISH DELICACY.

The Spanish women of the sixteenth century held their legs and feet so sacred, that they would rather lose their lives, than suffer a stranger of the other sex to see either the one or the other. In order that their feet might never be profaned by inquisitive eyes, they wore their garments so long, as to cover them entirely, and on alighting from their carriages, boots were let down, to prevent their legs and feet from being seen. After a lady had obliged her gallant, by all possible civilities, to confirm her kindness, she would shew him her foot; and this they called the highest favour. The feet and legs of queens were so sacred, that it was a crime to *think*,—or at any rate to *speak* of them. On the arrival of the princess Anna, of Austria, the bride of Philip IV. of Spain, a quantity of the finest silk stockings were presented to her in a city, where there were manufactories of that article. The *major-domo* of the future queen threw back the stockings with indignation, exclaiming, "Know, that the queens of Spain have no legs."

When the royal bride heard this, she began to weep bitterly, declaring that she would return to Vienna, and that she would have never set foot on Spanish ground, had she known that her legs were

to be cut off. The princess was soon pacified, and the king, upon being informed of her uneasiness, could not help smiling, which was one of the three times that he was known to laugh or smile, during his whole life.

The second consort of Charles II. a French princess, took great delight in hunting, and the king procured her this pleasure as frequently as possible. One day she had scarcely mounted a fine Arabian horse, when the animal began to rear on his hinder legs. At the moment when the horse seemed on the point of falling back, the queen slipped off on one side, and remained with one of her feet hanging in the stirrup. The unruly beast, irritated still more at the burden which fell on one side, kicked with the utmost violence in all directions. In the first moments of danger and alarm, no person durst venture to the assistance of the queen, for this reason, that excepting the king, and the chief of the *meninos*, or little pages, no person of the male sex was allowed to touch any part of the body of the queens of Spain, and least of all their feet. The danger of the queen augmenting every moment, two chevaliers at length ran to her relief. One of them seized the bridle of the horse, while the other drew the queen's feet from the stirrup, and in performing this service dislocated his thumb. As soon as they had saved her life, they hastened away with all possible expedition, ordering their fleetest horses to be saddled, and were just preparing for their flight out of the kingdom, when a messenger came to inform them, that at the queen's intercession, the king had pardoned the crime they had committed, in touching her person.

Aulus Gellius, jun.

NIELS EBBESEN ; or, THE DOWNFALL OF THE USURPER.

Politics, abstractedly speaking, do not fall within the jurisdiction of the *Theatrical Reporter*. Without canvassing, therefore, the views and conduct of the ministers of this country, in guaranteeing the annexation of Norway to the crown of Sweden, we shall merely observe, that the resistance of the Norwegians to this forced transfer met with numerous partizans, among the independant body of their quondam fellow-subjects, in Denmark. Of this convincing proof was furnished by the enthusiastic applause, which, whilst

these events were passing, uniformly attended the representation, at the theatre of Copenhagen, of the Danish tragedy of *Niels Ebbesen*; or the *Downfall of the Usurper*. The performance of this drama was at last suspended, by order of government.

The corrupt administration of Christophle III. terminated by plunging Denmark into a state of the most deplorable anarchy, which lasted seven years. All the provinces of the kingdom were in the hands of foreign princes and lords—the major-part of them Germans, who ruined the people by their heavy exactions. There remained to the sons of Christophle, Otton and Waldemar, no other inheritance than a very small possession in the island of Lolland.—The greatest scourge of the Danish nation was Gerard, surnamed the Great, Duke of Holstein. This prince was a bold, intrepid warrior, of consummate talents, and equally distinguished by his insatiable ambition. Gerard made himself master of Fionia, and holding Jutland in trust, aspired to the crown of Denmark. With this view he introduced, by compulsion, the customs and manners of Germany into society; and ordered the German language to be made use of in the Danish courts of justice. He even decreed, of his own authority, the exchange of Jutland against the duchy of Sleswig, belonging to his pupil Waldemar. This arbitrary proceeding occasioned the nobles, with the independant part of the people, to revolt. They chose for their leader a valiant lord, of the name of Niels Ebbesen, from whom the tragedy in question takes its title. This hero had the glory of delivering his country from the yoke of the usurper.

Otton, the eldest son of Christophle, had already made a bold attempt, to seat himself on his hereditary throne; but he was defeated, and languished in the chains of Gerard. His brother Waldemar proved more fortunate in his enterprize. He was very favourably received by the Emperor Lewis of Bavaria, who entertained a great friendship for him, and assisted him with troops, to co-operate with the confederation formed in his favour, in Jutland. A deputation was likewise sent, to persuade Gerard to resign his pretensions to Jutland, which he only held, as already stated, in trust. This deputation, however, did not proceed further than Sleswig, where they endeavoured to obtain the sanction of Gerard's sister, Elizabeth. One of their number, however, was sent forward, with the title of ambassador, to the usurper, who then occupied with his troops the town of Randers, in Jutland. Gerard admitted him to an audience,

in the presence of *Stige Anderson*, a Jutland knight, in his interests, and of *Vitinghof*, captain of his body-guard.

The ambassador opened his mission, by intreating Gerard to accept the offer of the Emperor Lewis, and of Waldemar, and to restore peace to Denmark. Gerard peremptorily refused to enter into any negotiations with either. The ambassador next solicited an armistice, only for eight days. This request was as peremptorily refused as the former. Gerard broke off the conference, and addressing himself to *Stige Anderson*, commanded him to consider the ambassador as his guest for that night, and to treat him with all the deference and distinction due to his quality.

It is at this moment, that the scene we have selected for the following extract, commences.

Amb. "Thanks, mighty Duke! In my public capacity, I have no more to say; but may I crave a moment's interview, in private?"

Ger. (aside.) What may be his design?

Amb. Do you fear me?

Ger. I fear! no,—were even your physiognomy calculated to inspire distrust, still should I not stand in dread of you. Here, (*pointing to a pile of swords, battle-axes, &c.*) here is my guard. Leave us for a moment, valiant chevalier Anderson.—Your guest will join you, anon. [*Exit Anderson.*]

Amb. Duke, do you not recognize me?

Ger. No—and yet, methinks—that voice is not altogether strange to me. Your name?

Amb. Marquard Brøkdorp.

Ger. Amazement! Marquard, the friend of my infancy—the savior of my life. Marquard! who snatched me from the tomb, when the swollen waters of the Trave carried me down its impetuous torrent. But, gracious heaven! how is your appearance changed! wrinkles have succeeded to the bloom of youth, and those once auburn locks are now silvered over by the hand of time.

Amb. Yes, Duke! thirty years produce an essential change in mortal man,—thirty years ago I dared indeed aspire to the name of friend!

Ger. That title still is yours, (*embraces him*), be still my friend, my tutor, my adviser.

Amb. No, Duke! such is not the purport of my mission—neither, indeed, will our altered circumstances admit of such a tender tie.

You, like a meteor, have risen to sudden grandeur—I am but a simple knight.

Ger. (with emotion) Talk not to me of grandeur. How wretched am I, in spite of all my power!—not a single heart, which attaches itself to me. The friendships formed in infancy are alone pure, disinterested, and sincere. Remain with me, Marquard; be my friend, share my power—aid me.

Amb. I stay with you! I share your power! I aid you to crush the weak! oppress the innocent! and trample on the feeble and defenceless!

Ger. Do you reflect, Marquard, whose cause you are pleading?

Amb. I plead for fellow-beings,—for men.

Ger. Who hate us; who thirst for our destruction.

Amb. It is you, Duke, who have sown these deadly seeds of hatred; you, who have lighted up the flames of war in two neighbouring nations, and effected a breach between them, which ages will scarcely suffice to close again.

Ger. Show me any two neighbouring nations on the globe, which do not hate and mutually invade each other. That man is entitled to his country's thanks, who by his conquests and his sword subjugates the rival of his own.

Amb. Horrible misapplication of terms! that man entitled to his country's thanks, who transforms the peaceful peasant into a butcher of his own species, and the chiefs of a people into the cursed engine of bloodshed, rapine, and oppression?

Ger. Nature has created every animal either to devour, or be devoured. Every creature lives by destruction. From the eagle to the swallow,—from the lion to the spider,—all exist, by waging war with the weaker and defenceless. Are we not told by pretended wise men and philosophers, that nature is the common mother of all her children,—and yet this self-same mother beholds with perfect indifference the dog that lies stretched at his length, and half asleep, catch and devour the drone that flies and buzzes round him,—or the earth open and swallow up the entire population of a city. Hence you see, Marquard, every thing that breathes, breathes but for war, for slaughter, and destruction. And can you then suppose, that man was destined for a different purpose?

Amb. And with such sentiments can you ever hope to meet with a friend?

Ger. Hitherto, I confess, I have been accustomed to dispense with one. I have made it my aim to suffice to my own self. But I know not what passes in my breast at the present moment; your look, your voice, the recollection of former days—all conspire to awaken new sensations within me. I feel, as if a friend could contribute to my happiness.

Amb. I pray heaven to accomplish this happy change. Yes, Gerard! Marquard might still love thee, might be thy friend, if you would only sacrifice ambition to happiness, and glory to the satisfaction of doing a generous action.

Ger. Explain yourself, my dear Marquard.

Amb. For thirty years, has every day of your life been signalized by some act of violence, of usurpation, and oppression: for thirty years you have troubled the peace and prosperity of a neighbouring nation. Have you not lived more in foreign countries than in your own? Whilst you were occupied in laying waste the lands of others, how little have you attended to the happiness of your own! Whilst you are forming schemes of usurpation and aggrandizement abroad—your dangerous example is but too closely imitated at home. Every chief, every lord has converted into a tyrant, every peasant is degenerated into an abject slave. Oh! return to us, relinquish foreign conquest, and endeavour to render your own subjects happy.

Ger. Vile wretches, who crouch to the yoke, and kiss the hand that chastizes them, are unworthy alike of your pity and my esteem. Such vile abject beings are capable of no other sentiment than terror: they may be made to fear, but never can be brought to love. You, Marquard, boast a nobler soul—give me a proof of your friendship, remain with me.

Amb. On one condition—that you return to your own states, and live amongst us as a benefactor, as a father.

Ger. Granted, as soon as I shall have reduced Jutland, and rendered Denmark tributary to Stormaren.

Amb. What horrible infatuation! What pleasure canst thou find, Gerard, in ruling over men, who hate thee, who detest thee, and by whom thou deservest to be hated?

Ger. Let them hate, let them detest me, so they do but fear and stand in awe of me.

Amb. Listen, I conjure you, to the voice of reason and humanity. The throne, which you seek to usurp, will never be established on a firm and permanent basis. It will sink under you, and overwhelm

you in its fall—Abandon then all ambitious views of conquest; restore peace to Denmark, and return to govern with equity and law your own states.

Ger. Should I be worthy of the sword I wear, if I abandoned, from a momentary impulse, the work on which I have laboured twenty years, and to which I have now only to put the last and finishing stroke.

Amb. One prayer more, and I have done. What you refuse to the ambassador, grant to the friend—accord us an armistice.

Ger. Marquard, you abuse my goodness. What! grant an armistice to rebels, whom I hold at my mercy, in order that they may be enabled to retrieve their losses, collect their scattered forces, and attack me with better success!—I am your debtor, Marquard—the remembrance that to you I owe my life, is not effaced from my heart—it never shall be—but to grant the armistice you demand—would be weak and pusillanimous.

Amb. You refuse then my request? you will not agree to an armistice?

Ger. My interests will not allow it.

Amb. Proud, cruel, sanguinary tyrant! I now detest you, as much as once I loved you. My heart abjures all reciprocity, all communion with thee. Yet, doubt not, furious and inhuman despot! it will come:—the terrible day will come, when the wrath of heaven shall overtake thee. The blood of thousands, by thee untimely swept from the face of the earth, cries aloud for vengeance. Already is the bolt aimed at thy devoted head. I hear the distant thunder roar—Cursed be the hour, in which I saved thy life!

Ger. [*solus*] What mean these strange sensations, which overwhelm me? Why do I tremble? Does then his malediction already commence to operate? Is the avenging sword already suspended over me?—Hence, idle, visionary fears! Gerard thy brain is distempered!—a feverish blood inspires these terrors! It must be so. Which of us is the most presumptuous? Is it I—because I will not dastardly relinquish an undertaking, on which I labour for upwards of thirty years?—or is it Marquard, who so insolently rejects the preferred favour of his prince? (*Advances towards the window:*) How dark and solemn is the scene! Night, with her raven wings outspread sits brooding o'er the world, and envelops all in silent gloom! What a mepe-machine is man! Rander's numerous inhabitants are buried in profound sleep—not one of them thinks of the future; not one

reflects that tomorrow's sun, at my command, may light him to the scaffold ! And I am called upon to abandon my vast daring designs for such abject slaves, such vile, such worthless reptiles ! No, base, ignoble wretches ! what are ye, but mere passive animals, guided solely by instinct, and fit for nothing but to be immolated on the shrine of my ambition !"

SELECT POETRY.

Songs, &c. in the New Musical Entertainment of BROTHER AND SISTER,—performing with great applause, at Covent-Garden Theatre.

Song—*Don Christoval*—(Composed by Mr. REEVE.)

Give me the dear little creatures,
Be they brown, be they freckled, or fair,
It isn't the form, or the features
That alone gives of beauty the air.
Only let the eye speak,
Smiles dimple the cheek,
And the tongue prattle good humour's law ;
A manner bewitching,
And softness enriching.

O! beauty is—*Je ne sçais quoi* !

When young, I was always gallanting,

Girls simpered wherever I came ;

Coquetting, and ogling, and flaunting,

To trap me was ever their aim.

But a maxim with me,

Was still to be free,

For married folks oft clapper-claw !

Sweetly courtship is carried,

But when they are married,

They fight for the—*Je ne sçais quoi*.

But, bachelors, most people scout 'em,

For women are sweet'ners of life ;

And as happy I can't live, without 'em,

I've a month's mind to get me a wife.

Yet tho' grey is my head,
 If ever I wed,
 I'll have a tit-bit by the law ;
 But if I've a chicken,
 Wont foxes come picking ?
 And I feel very—*Je ne sçais quoi* ;

SONG—*Sylvio*. (Composed by Mr. BISHOP.)

Lovely, but unloving creature !
 Form'd from nature's rules apart ;
 Heaven surely lent thy feature,
 Earth, mere earth, composed thy heart,
 On thine eyes and lips, in brightness,
 Love and mercy seem to dwell ;
 But thy bosom's veil of whiteness,
 Hides a cold and rayless cell.
 So the sculptur'd queen of beauty,
 Gleams at shrines divinely fair ;
 Young enthusiasts kneel in duty,
 Stone and silence mock their prayer !

Trio—(Composed by Mr. BISHOP.)

Isidora—Don Sylvio—Don Christoval.

Isidora. Lovely youth ! if I surrender,
 Pledge me first a solemn vow ;
 Swear, your heart shall still be tender,
 Ever fond and fix'd, as now.
Don Syl. Ever ! O, ever !
Isidora. Lovely youth ! tho' rivals languish,
 Swear, your faith shall never stray ;
 Ah ! my heart—that doubt is anguish
 Swear, and make me easy, pray !
Don Syl. Never ! no, never !
Isidora. Rise ! and with my smiles rewarded,
 Live, by love supremely blest.
Don Syl. By those radiant eyes regarded,
 Joys too vast invade my breast !

Don Chris. Soon I'll make that breast discover
Flutt' rings of a different sort ;

Isidora. Come, be brisk, a favoured lover
Should be seen all smiles and sport.

Don Syl. 'Faith ! I guess the way to move her,
Vi et armis ! is to court.

Isidora. Come, let quips and cranks possess you.

Don Syl. Thus, my charmer, let me press you !

Isidora. Help ! help !

Don Chris. ——Niece ! I'll soon redress you.
Ruffian ! dread an uncle's rage !

Isidora. Let the ruffian feel your rage !

Don Syl. Ah ! she frowns ! I dread her rage !



PITTY PAT.

Pitty pat ! pitty pat ! went my heart,
When Damon first his suit preferr'd ;
He squeez'd my hand, nor would he part,
Till all his tender tales I heard.

Those tales were so pleasing,
I could not but hear ;
And still he kept squeezing,
And call'd me his dear !

His little dear ! his pretty dear ! his sweetest, dearest dear !

II.

Pitty pat ! pitty pat ! went still more
My heart, when Daddy found us out.
Dad frown'd, and many an oath he swore :

" Pray, hussey ! what are you about ? "

But Damon held tighter,

And bade me not fear :

" How can you, Sir, fright her ? "

" You see, she's my dear ! "

" My little dear ! my pretty dear ! my sweetest, dearest dear ! "

III.

Pitty pat ! pitty pat ! and away
We sought the man, in black and white.

My heart went pitty pat, all day,
 But still more pitty pat, at night !
 For Damon now press'd me,
 With passion sincere ;
 And hugg'd, and caress'd me,
 And call'd me his dear !
 His little dear ! his pretty dear ! his sweetest, dearest dear !

Don't say I'm my charmer, for me press you !



TO HARRIETT.

My heart, where joy was once a guest,
 Is now the haunt of care and pain ;
 I roam bewilder'd, lost, distress'd,
 And court the syren Hope, in vain !

TATITITAT

The breeze of morn, that breath'd delight,
 When Harriet stail'd, benign and kind,
 Now charms not in its wanton flight,
 But seems a sigh-fraught, sullen wind !

III.

The streams that sooth'd, when she was near,
 And playful seem'd for us to flow,
 In fancy's alter'd, tuneless ear,
 Resound, alas ! with murmur'd woe !

IV.

Though weary of the world, these eyes
 No longer wish the light to see ;
 Yet let me not that world despise,
 Which boasts an angel—boasting THEE !

Alexis.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The indisposition of Miss O'Neill, (who was suddenly taken so ill, whilst performing the part of *Isabella*, in the tragedy of that name, or, *the Fatal Marriage*, on Tuesday, January 31, that she was obliged to be carried off the stage, and by direction of gentle-

men of the faculty, conveyed to her own house) gave rise to a scene of riot, attended by a breach of decorum, and a lack of the respect due to the fair sex, which reflects little credit on the gallantry of the audience. In consequence of this untoward occurrence, it was proposed that the part should be read by Mrs. Faucitt, who very cheerfully came forward for that purpose. But she was assailed with groans, and hisses, and so clamorous were those, who "*rule the whirlwind, and direct the storm,*" in their opposition, that Mrs. Faucitt found it impossible to proceed. The audience would not admit of any substitute, in lieu of their favourite actress,—"*Miss O'Neill, or nobody!*" was the general cry, and Mrs. Faucitt herself stood almost in need of a supporter, on retiring from the stage, so strongly were her feelings affected by this boisterous encounter. The tumult still continued for a considerable length of time, till at last the necessary arrangements having been made, and the respective performers marshalled, for giving the pantomime, at an earlier hour than customary, the curtain drew up, and the feats of *Harlequin*, with the humorous blunders and grimaces of *Pantaloen* and the *Clown*, succeeded in appeasing the mal-contented, and ultimately completely hushed the angry storm.

On Wednesday, February 1., a new musical entertainment, in two acts, was produced at this theatre, under the title of *Brother and Sister*. Although its pretensions are not of a very superior cast, it was nevertheless tolerably well received, and has maintained its ground, during several representations.

The scene is laid in Spain. *Donna Isidora* is a young and handsome widow, who courts retirement, and abjures all thoughts of a second hymen. *Don Sylvio de Flores* sighs for the fair inexorable. Aware of her antipathy to marriage, he has recourse to stratagem, in which he is aided by his sister, *Donna Camilla*. It is agreed upon between the brother and the sister, that the latter, under the pretence of avenging the cause of her sex, shall throw herself in the way of *Isidora*, and reveal to her a pretended plot, to render her the object of general scoff and ridicule. For this purpose a female is to assume the disguise of a gentleman of quality, to pay his addresses to her, and to employ every winning art, to captivate her affections. On receiving this intelligence, *Isidora* resolves to turn the tables upon her supposed deceiver,—and by a seeming encouragement of his addresses lead him into a dilemma, which shall ultimately cover him with ignominy and shame.

Don Sylvio shortly after makes his appearance, accompanied by his trusty servant, *Pacheco*. They are both of them graciously received; the master is caressed by the widow—the servant by the females of the mansion, who under the impression, that the visitors have no other claim to manhood, than the assumption of male attire, are not sparing of their advances. *Don Christoval de Tormes* is a whimsical old gentleman, uncle to *Isidora*. He sees with regret his niece condemn herself to perpetual widow-hood, and hence is not displeased at the ardour, with which *Sylvio* directs his attacks upon her heart.

After a variety of whimsical incidents and situations, *Isidora* brings *Sylvio* to what she imagines the very *ne plus ultra* of confusion and exposure. She exacts from him a solemn promise to espouse her, which, to her great astonishment, *Sylvio* gives, without the smallest hesitation. This is the very point which *Isidora* has been aiming at. Full of her anticipated triumph, she now utters the “*cubalistic word*,” which is to cover him with shame and ignominy. This talisman consists in the disclosure of his sex. She apostrophizes him, as a woman, in male attire. *Sylvio*, unabashed, maintains his claims to manhood,—at this critical and decisive juncture, the appearance of *Camilla*, who avows the artifice, practised against *Isidora*, to which she has lent her agency and co-operation, puts an end to the debate. The widow is caught in her own toils, and bound by a solemn vow, gives her hand to *Sylvio*.

The plot of the new entertainment is not characterized by any very striking features. Two or three of the personages introduced, such as *Bartolo*, *Agatha*, and *Rosante*, are little better than supernumeraries. Subjoined, we present the reader with a list of the *dramatis personæ*.

<i>Don Christoval de Tormes,</i>	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
<i>Don Sylvio de Flores,</i>	<i>Mr. Duriset.</i>
<i>Pacheco,</i>	<i>Mr. Liston.</i>
<i>Bartolo,</i>	<i>Mr. Blanchard.</i>
<i>Donna Isidora,</i>	<i>Miss Stephens.</i>
<i>Donna Camilla,</i>	<i>Mrs. Egerton.</i>
<i>Agatha,</i>	<i>Mrs. Liston.</i>
<i>Rosante,</i>	<i>Miss Matthews.</i>

None of the characters, as we have already remarked, in the new entertainment, are distinguished by any very prominent features. *Mr. Fawcett* has a species of humour peculiar to himself, and made

the most of a part, possessing little inherent worth, that of *Don Chisoval*. Mr. Duruast, as *Don Sylvio*, is chiefly commendable for his vocal abilities. The only broadly-comic part is that of *Pucheco*, sustained by Mr. Liston, who turns the language of diplomacy into burlesque, by applying it to the most common and trivial purposes of life. Miss Stephens is a delightful singer—but further she must not aspire; she has no notion of acting. The music, in general, is pleasing. It is the joint-production of Mr. Bishop and Mr. Reeve, with the exception of a trio, in the first act, by Martini. The *echo-song*, in particular, is excellent, and drew forth merited applause.

That irresistible worker upon our risible propensities, Mr. Matthews, whom the consequences of a severe accident have so long withheld from the public, resumed his professional duties at this theatre on Friday, February 3., in the part of *Buskin*, in the farce of *Killing no Murder*. Mr. Matthews was greeted, on his entrance on the stage, with tumultuous bursts of applause; he exerted his talent for broad humour and drollery, with inimitable success, and literally kept the "house in a roar." Mr. Matthews, however, still evidently labours under great inconveniency from his accident, and retains a degree of lameness, from which we shall be unfeignedly happy to see him totally exempt.

On Saturday, February 4., Miss O'Neill appeared, for the first time before a London audience, in the character of *Mrs. Huber*, in the play of the *Stranger*. A more finished and truly correct performance the British stage can scarcely boast. Her every look, gesture, tone of voice, and motion—all were in complete and perfect unison with the part. The artless, unaffected humility, she displays in the first interview with the brother of her benefactor—the gradual developement of her character—the deep contrition with which she makes confession of her offence to the countess—her unfeigned repentance, and the powerful workings of a heart, naturally inclined to virtue, but led astray by a wayward combination of circumstances, and the treacherous arts of a base seducer, were all and severally portrayed, in her personation, in a most able and masterly manner. Miss O'Neill does not, after the example of certain reputed ornaments of the profession, reserve her talents for particular passages, and situations; nor endeavour to shine in select scenes, to the neglect and detriment of the remainder. On the contrary, she very properly attends to the whole successive progress of

her part, and maintains a kind of evenness, (if we may be allowed the term), and consistency in her manner of acting, which gives repose and harmony to the whole, and is highly gratifying to sober and correct taste.

Mr. Young, as the representative of the *Stranger*, is entitled to great commendation. He enters into the very spirit of the character, and delineates the effects of long cherished grief and concentrated, hopeless sorrow, with great success. The rest of the *dramatis personæ* were, in general, tolerably well-sustained; but we cannot approve of the low buffoonery and mummery exhibited by Mr. Liston, in the part of *Peter*. The character, as drawn by the author, is more than sufficiently ridiculous, silly and unnatural, without the accession of additional and voluntary absurdities, on the part of the performer. This gentleman would do well to pay better regard to *Hamlet's* instruction to the players, who most particularly enjoins: "let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh."

Several of our public journals appear to be terribly scandalized at the representation of a play, in which a wife, that has been guilty of infidelity to her husband, is exhibited in such a state of humble penitence and sincere contrition, as to become an object of interest and commiseration. On this topic we might peradventure have felt disposed to offer some animadversion, were it not that the remarks contained in *Vindication of the Stranger*, inserted at the commencement of the present number of our work, relieve us from the necessity of all further comment.

THEATRICAL DIARY.

COVENT-GARDEN.

1815.

- Jan. 24, Artaxerxes—Harlequin Whittington—Portrait of Cervantes
- 25, Venice Preserved—Harlequin Whittington
- 26, Pizarro—*ibid.*
- 27, Gamester—*ibid.*
- 28, Forest of Bondy—John of Paris—*ibid.*
- 30, Oratorio

1815.

- Jan. 31, *Isabella*—*Harlequin Whittington*
 Feb. 1, *Brother and Sister*—*Raising the Wind*—*ibid.*
 2, *The Gamester*—*Brother and Sister*
 3, *Brother and Sister*—*Killing no Murder*—*Harlequin Whittington*
 4, *The Stranger*—*Brother and Sister*
 6, *Brother and Sister*—*Love, Law, and Physick*—*Harlequin Whittington*
 7, *Romeo and Juliet*—*Brother and Sister*
 8, *Ash Wednesday*—no Performance
 9, *Stranger*—*Hit or Miss*
 10, *Oratorio*
 11, *Stranger*—*Brother and Sister*
 13, *Brother and Sister*—*Love, Law, and Physick*—*Harlequin Whittington*
 14, *Isabella*—*Brother and Sister*
 15, *Oratorio*
 16, *Stranger*—*Hit or Miss*
 17, *Oratorio*
 18, *Stranger*—*Rosina*
 20, *Beggar's Opera*—*Sleep Walker*—*Harlequin Whittington*
 21, *Gamester*—*Brother and Sister*

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THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

◆

1815.

- Dec. 24, *Romeo and Juliet*—*Harlequin Sindbad; or, Valley of Diamonds.*
 25, *School for Scandal*—*ibid.*
 26, *Jean de Paris*—*Birth-Day*—*ibid.*
 27, *All in the Wrong*—*ibid.*
 28, *Romeo and Juliet*—*ibid.*
 30, *Oratorio*
 31, *Romeo and Juliet*—*Valley of Diamonds*
 Feb. 1, *As you like it*—*ibid.*
 2, *Macbeth*—*Ninth Statue*
 3, *Provoked Husband*—*Valley of Diamonds*

- 5, Hamlet—Ninth Statue
- 6, King Richard the Third—Valley of Diamonds
- 7, As you like it—Ninth Statue
- 8, Ash Wednesday—no Performance
- 9, Macbeth—Jean de Paris
- 10, Oratorio
- 11, Hamlet—Valley of Diamonds
- 12, Town and Country—Ninth Statue
- 13, Provoked Husband—Jean de Paris
- 15, Oratorio
- 16, Macbeth—Valley of Diamonds
- 17, Oratorio
- 18, Town and Country—Woodman's Hut
- 20, King Richard the Third—Indian Nuptials—Blue Devils
- 21, Town and Country—Indian Nuptials

MISS LYDIA KELLY.

In our last number we noticed the *debut* of this young lady, on the Drury-Lane boards, in the interesting character of *Juliet*. The favourable reception she experienced on that occasion, together with the specimen she exhibited of no mean improveable talents, have brought her forward, before a London audience in a fresh part, that of *Ophelia*, in the tragedy of *Hamlet*.

Of Miss Kelly's professional claims, as well as of her personal attributes, and fitness for the stage, we have already given our frank and candid opinion. We shall therefore not enter into recapitulation, but content ourselves with observing, that her performance in the part of *Ophelia*, in which character she appeared for the first time, on Saturday, Feb. 4. was in no wise discreditable to the hopes we were warranted in entertaining of her powers, when duly disciplined and ripened by experience, by her personation of *Juliet*, in the mad-scene, she was peculiarly interesting.

MR. KEAN.

On Monday, Feb. 13, was represented, for the first time, at this Theatre, Mr. Morton's Comedy of *Town and Country*. This play, which (if justly weighed and appreciated in the balance of fair criticism) is without exception one of the vilest, the most contempti-

ble and * *unnatural* dramatic productions, that ever disgraced the stage, was this evening transplanted to Drury Lane, for the avowed purpose of bringing forward Mr. Kean, in the inconsistent, heterogeneous, absurd and unnatural character of *Reuben Glenroy*. To pass the whole of the *dramatis personæ* through a regular review, and subject each of the leading characters to individual analysis would demand a greater number of pages than the circumscribed limits of our publication will admit of; otherwise we should experience little difficulty in proving, that the greater part of them, to judge from their actions, are little better than lunatics. *Reuben* is a downright chimerical, visionary being—the offspring of a disordered brain—a kind of romantic fool, crammed with tenets of impracticable philosophy, ever on the look-out for perilous adventures, and an infallible a prognosticator of storms and tempests, of thunder, lightning and of hail, as the

imbrium divina favis imminetum

of Horace, to whose notes indeed his voice bears no small affinity. In his native “Welsh vales and mountains high” he is a kind of odd fellow, or eccentric; but when brought to town, at once doffs the philosopher’s mantle; reads lectures to married ladies on family duties, and the obligation imposed by nature upon each mother to nurse her own child. All the pious eloquence of a Rowland Hill would not, with long and painful sermonizing, succeed in affecting so complete a conversion of a fashionable wife; as is accomplished by our Welsh parson in a few moments, in the instance of the honourable Mrs. *Glenroy*. Equal success attends his reprobation of the baneful vice of gambling, which works immediate reformation with his infatuated brother.

The part of *Cossey* is not less preposterous and unnatural. All the treasures of the Bank of England; nay, in fact, nothing less than the possession and constant use of the *philosopher’s stone*, would suffice to the prodigality, with which this sentimental idiot lavishes

* It is not without pramount reasons, that we apply this epithet to the comedy in question—for there is scarcely a single character in the whole of its numerous list of *dramatis personæ*, whose actions are not in diametrical opposition to common sense; to the established order of things, and the regular course of human nature.

† The raven.

thousands, and gives away pocket-books, stuffed with bank-notes, without taking the trouble to count them. It is true, *Reuben* is said to have prevented his carriage from being over turned—services of this description are certainly entitled to gratitude—but if old *Cosey* be consistent in his actions, and repays all services with equal liberality ; either he has never experienced any favours from a fellow-being, previous to his trip to Wales, where he falls in with this self-same *Reuben* ; or he must have free access to the *Valley of Diamonds*, or the rich Cave of the *Ninth Statue*.

Trot is even worse than *Cosey*. The latter is only an idiot—the former a complete fool. Such a character, in actual life, would soon furnish ground for a statute of lunacy, and be subjected to the discipline of a private mad house. But we forbear to expatiate upon such an unworthy subject. No further argument is requisite, in proof of the vileness of the composition, than the very circumstance of putting in requisition the talents of performers, such as Messrs. Kean, Dowton and Munden, in order to render the trash palatable.

In the first part of Mr. Kean's performance, as *Reuben*, we discover nothing entitled to peculiar commendation ; nothing which might not be assigned, with equal effect, to ordinary hands. In his interview with *Rosalie Somers*, he displayed no specimen of extraordinary talents. Why he makes his appearance in the *storm-scene*, armed with a tremendous lance, like a Cossack, unless it be for the sake of stage-effect, (or to call it by its proper name, *pantomime trick*) we have yet to learn. When he is informed of the supposed infidelity of his mistress, he grows more animated. Here "Richard is himself again" but here likewise, as on all similar occasions, Mr. Kean falls into exaggeration ; he becomes perfectly *outré*, and gives us the second edition of his scene with *Friar Lawrence*, in *Romeo*.

The part in which, in our humble estimation, Mr. Kean appears to the greatest advantage, is the scene in the gambling house, where he arrests his brother's hand, already lifted up to commit the fatal crime of self-murder. The look, the manner, the tone of voice with which he utters the three emphatic words : "*Suicide ! mad-man ! brother !*" are all and severally excellent. Equally impressive is his personification, in the interview with *Plastic*. Here, like a second Nathan, Mr. Kean brings conviction home to the villain's conscience, as it were by parable ; till at last he fixes the guilt upon him, and though not in the exact words of the prophet,

yet by his forcible appeal to the scar in *Plastic's* forehead, shows that unprincipled ravisher, that he is himself the man, the wretch, the monster, whose atrocious conduct has all this time been held up to merited execration. Mr. Kean in this part exerted the whole strength and compass of his powers. More loud, more general, more reiterated and lengthened plaudits we never heard bestowed upon any actor. It is ground of sincere and legitimate regret, that Mr. Kean labours under the disadvantage of so bad an organ; for his voice at times is absolutely indistinct, to that degree, as to be scarcely audible.

◆
MISS WALSTEIN.

This lady made her farewell obedience to a London audience on Tuesday, February 14., in the character of *Lady Townly*, in the *Provoked Husband*, in which part she appeared this evening for the second time, at Drury-Lane theatre. She had previously personated, with no inconsiderate talent, on two several nights, *Rosalind*, in Shakespeare's comedy of *As you like it*. On that, as well as on the present occasion, her performance furnished additional proof, that the line of genteel comedy is much better adapted to exhibit her powers to advantage, than the sombre walks of the tragic muse. She was, on the whole, pretty favourably received, and curtsied, on retiring from the stage, with more obsequiousness and grace to the audience, than the manner in which her exertions have been rewarded, could legitimately exact.

Very few plays, in the course of actual representation on the stage, are more unequal, as to their literary merits and pretensions, than the *Provoked Husband*. That the characters of *Lord* and *Lady Townly* are ably drawn, no candid and competent critic will deny. But equally certain is it, that those of *Sir Francis* and *Lady Wronghead*, together with their hopeful offspring, are at the best but wretched caricatures. The reason of this marked contrast may be easily traced. The *Provoked Husband* is an incongruous production. It was originally commenced by Sir John Vanbrugh. At the death of this gentleman, the unfinished manuscript came into the hands of Mr. Cibber, who completed it, and brought it out in the state in which it at present appears. The exceptionable parts are attributable to the former—the more commendable ones, comprizing the scenes relating to *Lord Townley*, and his wife, to the latter.—Mr. Decamp, and Miss Kelly, in their respective parts, did all in

their power to render the said objectionable features still more vile and disgraceful. Their delineation of *Squire Richard*, and *Miss Jenny*, exhibited a tissue of buffoonery and low grimace, which would scarcely be tolerated at a country fair. Had they performed before a motely groupe in a cellar at St. Giles's; or a crew of drunken sailors, in the parlous of Wapping, it would have been impossible for either of them to have manifested more sovereign disrespect for the audience!!!

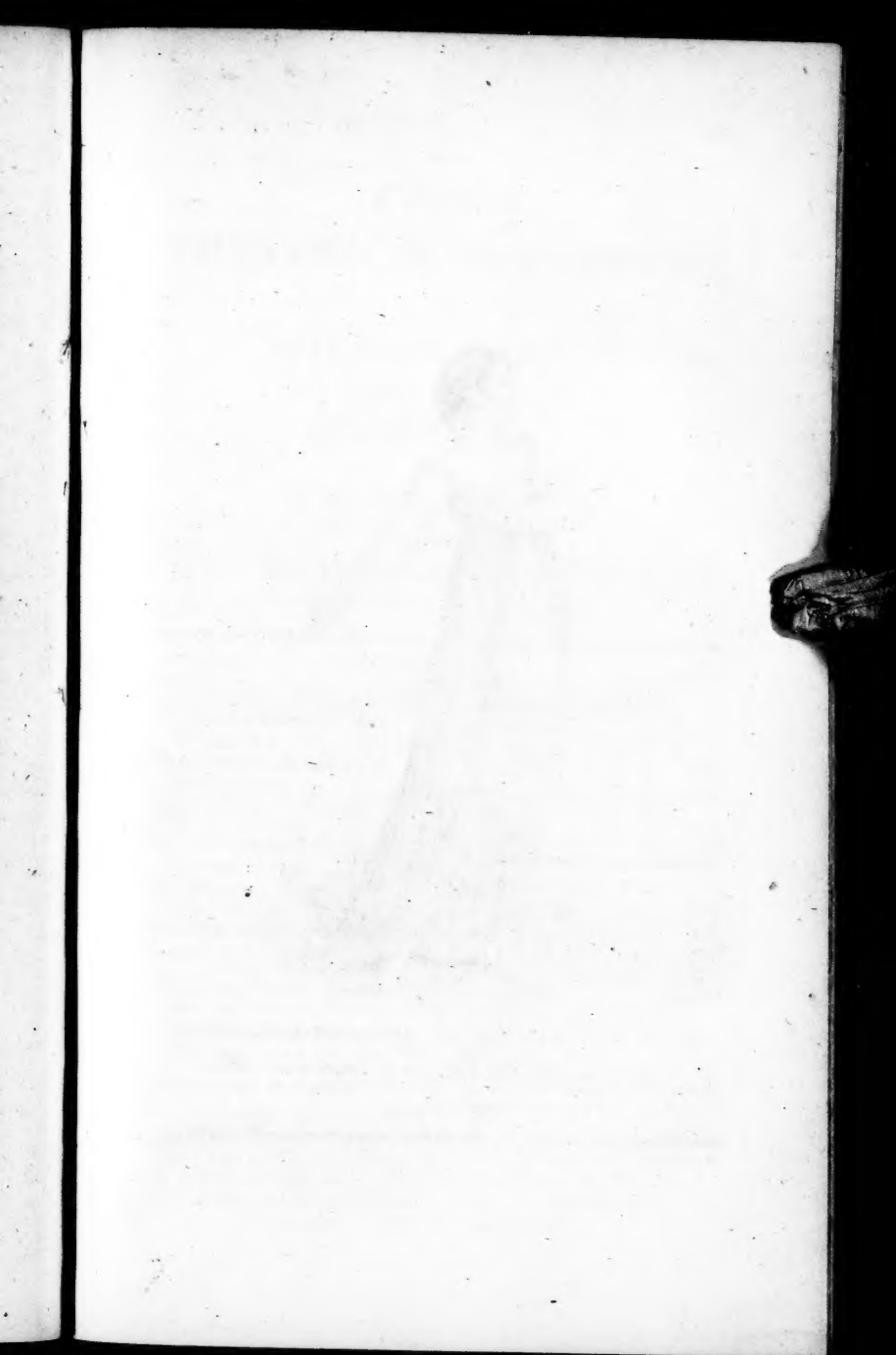
A BROAD HINT.

(To all and several whom it may concern.)

A dramatic piece was lately represented on the Edinburgh stage, entitled the *Step-Mother*. Considerable disapprobation was manifested during the performance, especially as it advanced towards the close; but on the fall of the curtain the groans and hisses swelled into a perfect storm. In this state of things, Mr. Murray came forward, and respectfully informed the audience, that Mr. Siddons, who notwithstanding his recent indisposition, had borne a part in the performance that evening, from which he had retired to his home at an early hour, had commissioned him to assure them, that so long as he held any share or control in the management, no play whatever should be represented on the Edinburgh stage, contrary to the wish and declared opinion of the public. This frank declaration was received with universal applause. We shall only add, that all managers would do well to take a lesson from this liberal conduct, on the part of Mr. Siddons. By so doing, they would consult at once their own interest, and discharge the duty which all caterers for the public owe to the taste and wishes of their customers and employers.

ORATORIOS.—For an account of the musical Lent performances, known by this denomination, the reader is referred to page 201 of the present number.

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MISS O' NEILL as M^{RS} BEVERLEY.

*Not have you, sir. Who told you of suspicion? Have
a heart it cannot reach.*

London, Publish'd as the Act directs, by J. Roach Russell Court, Drury Lane, March 28. 1815.